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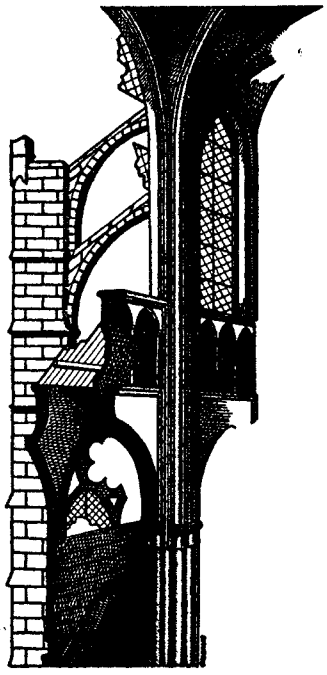
DIARY OF A ROMANTIC AGRARIAN
—Martin Paul

THE

Commonweal



GERMANY:
SHADOWS OF TOMORROW

H. A. Reinhold

DEATH OF A COMMUNIST

Douglas Hyde

PHILIP BURNHAM GEOFFREY ASHE

JAMES V. MULLANEY

Volume LVII, Number 13 January 2, 1953 Twenty Cent.

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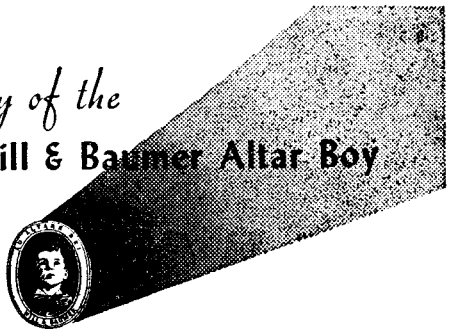
...the story of the
Will & Baumer Altar Boy



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THE Commonweal

week by week

LOYALTY BY OATH

THE realization that treason may lurk beneath the most respectable exterior, combined with the fact of Soviet aggression, has in truth made this era what Justice Black recently called it: "a time of cold war and hot emotions when 'each man begins to eye his neighbor as a possible enemy.' "

Because ideas can lead to betrayal, the impulse toward orthodoxy in a period like ours becomes almost compulsive. Conformity, sameness, and agreement tend to replace originality, diversity, and the free play of opinion as national ideals.

In the context of our time, the establishment of the loyalty oath was almost inevitable. Nor can the impulse which gave it birth be dismissed out of hand as hysteria. The traitor within our gates is a fact, not the product of a fevered imagination. For some men the contemporary battle for total loyalty is over, and in their case the idea of a free society has lost. In the present international situation, these men must necessarily be counted on the side of the Soviet, and it is imperative that they be barred from positions of trust. It was to accomplish this that the loyalty oath was conceived.

The value of the loyalty oath should not, however, be exaggerated. Taking a loyalty oath will not automatically change anyone's convictions. What is involved is a practical consideration: the man who takes the loyalty oath falsely may be discovered, prosecuted and imprisoned for perjury. Thus, although the loyalty oath will not make people loyal, it may serve to keep the disloyal out of positions affecting national security.

But if the loyalty oath has certain practical advantages, the fact that its spirit is repugnant to our free institutions should be recognized. The loyalty oath is negative rather than positive; it is actually what someone has called a non-disloyalty oath, and it is particularly offensive if one special group (such as the teaching profession) is singled out to take it. The emergency of the moment may demand a limited employment of the loyalty oath. But for a democratic society its use involves potential dangers only less great than the external peril we face.

For this reason, the loyalty oath should be hedged about with precautions. In keeping with the free spirit that gives shape and direction to our political life, the oath should be framed with care, and its use sharply restricted. The necessity of barring the disloyal from the State Department is obvious enough; the reasons for compelling a handyman in a county courthouse to take such an oath are less apparent.

A realistic approach is essential. Many people innocently joined groups now declared subversive. On the surface, many of these organizations worked against genuine social abuses. Oftentimes organizations which for years had had excellent reputations were taken over by the Communists without the knowledge of the members.

In the face of such complexity, penalties for the fact of membership alone, without consideration of factors like an individual's intentions or the circumstances and timing of his joining, may penalize the innocent as well as the guilty. Thus one man who ten years ago joined an organization in good faith, say to fight anti-Semitism, might in 1953 be ineligible for employment, while his opposite number, a defacer of synagogues, would have nothing against him on his record.

It was precisely for failure to observe such necessary precautions that the Supreme Court has struck down an Oklahoma law which established a loyalty oath as a condition for employment by the state. In this case the Court rendered a 8-0 adverse decision, despite the fact that it has in the past approved other, more carefully drawn loyalty oaths. But as Justice Clark pointed out, the Oklahoma law would have barred persons "solely on the basis of organizational membership, regardless of their knowledge concerning the organizations to which they had belonged." The law was therefore declared unconstitutional.

The reasoning of the Court on this matter seems eminently correct. Loyalty is at best not easily

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measured, but certainly oversimplified formulas like that of the Oklahoma law fall far short of the complexity of the task. The most that can be said for the loyalty oath is that it is a distasteful necessity; the Oklahoma law made it even more distasteful than it has to be.

THE TITO FULMINATIONS

THE combination of threatening to leave NATO in the lurch and breaking off diplomatic relations with the Vatican on successive days has caused pained surprise about Marshal Tito. As the sole national Communist leader to have made a successful break with the Kremlin, the Yugoslav dictator and his regime have been vested in the public mind with certain democratic virtues.

No doubt Tito was reacting to several recent provocations: protests in England against his projected visit of state next March; the designation of Archbishop Stepinac for the red hat; the impasse with Italy over Trieste; dissatisfaction with Western shipments of arms. But there is little change in the nature of the Yugoslav State or the frequently voiced enmity of Tito toward religion.

Churches are open in Yugoslavia, but that is the only sense in which freedom of religion can be said to exist there. Tito resorts to unrelenting pressure against the Catholic Church, for one, varying his tactics to meet different local and regional situations. He uses the tax weapon to the utmost—maximum rates and double or triple taxation on church revenues.

Tito has closed the theological faculties at the Universities of Ljubljana and Zagreb, decreed that candidates for seminaries be old enough to have had seven years of instruction in State schools, where Marxism is the core of the curriculum and religious teaching is forbidden. Christmas Day is an ironclad work and school day.

But the most insidious of all these pressures comes from the State-sponsored League of Saints Cyril and Methodius, a barefaced effort to set up in Yugoslavia a schismatic national church. This is particularly effective in a land where rivalries between Serbs and Croats and Serbs and Slovenes have been so long and bloody. It is said that over half the priests in highly Catholic Slovenia and one tenth of the clergy in Croatia have joined the League. Meanwhile Tito complains of the Vatican's failure to settle the Yugoslav church-state conflict.

There is an argument from duress for making common military cause with a dissident Communist leader such as Marshall Tito. But we do not have to remain blind to what he stands for.

OUR NATIONAL HEALTH NEEDS

FEW words in recent political controversy have been so highly charged with emotion as "socialized medicine." The American Medical Association down the years has supplied much of the charge as it has reacted with this epithet to proposed modifications of the individualistic set-up in this country's medical practices. The AMA was vehement in its opposition to cooperative health insurance and private prepayment medical plans. But as social consciousness grew in the United States, and with it the demand for adequate medical care the nation over, the AMA has come round to espousing voluntary prepayment plans in order to forestall anything in the way of compulsory health insurance.

As soon as President Truman's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation produced the first of its five volumes, the AMA's president attacked one of its general recommendations as implying "national health insurance." With the key role individual doctors would have in the actual procedure, it is doubtful whether national health insurance could be enacted in the face of AMA opposition.

What are some of the lineaments in the Commission's considered picture of our nation's health? Vast numbers of our citizens are in want so far as needed medical attention goes. There are great shortages of doctors, nurses and hospitals—especially in certain geographical areas. Millions of citizens cannot afford to pay directly for medical care, or to make the payments for the cooperative hospital and medical plans which are growing so rapidly in millions of members and in the extent of services they provide.

There is another large group of citizens equal to ordinary medical expenses, either individually or through prepayment plans, but incapable of providing for a major illness. Others can pay something toward ordinary medical care, but find the full cost quite beyond them.

Among the groups now most neglected are the men and women living on old age pensions and other social security benefits. The margin is so close that nothing is left over for their medical expenses. Here, accordingly, is one area where the Commission would tie in federal benefits in the form of sums to be matched by the several states and distributed by them. And here is the immediate cause of the latest AMA outburst.

As intimated above, the subject is a vast one. Recommendations extend to provisions on which the Medical Association would smile approvingly—sums for improving medical schools and extending

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medical research, for example. But the evidence of human needs which have not been met, in the newspaper summary of the first volume of the President's Commission's findings, cannot be ignored. They constitute a challenge to the new Administration quite independent of partisan politics.

COORDINATION IN THE FAR EAST

IN its battle with the West, the Soviet Union has long exploited the advantages supplied by a single directing force for its manifold operations in Europe and the East. The NATO powers have achieved a degree of coordination in Europe, but French, British and Americans have tended to go in their separate ways in the Orient. The disadvantages are obvious. There are signs that the New Year will bring a modified approach. General Eisenhower has cited the Korean War as an integral part of the global struggle. The NATO representatives, meeting in Paris recently, explicitly recognized the French fight in Indo-China, now in its eighth year, as another integral part. The logic of coordination in the Far East is compelling.

What this would mean in practical terms is the big question. Will the United States now support British retention of Hong Kong and Malaya and a French Indo-China? Will American forces be further deployed in the Far East? Is Chiang Kai-shek to return actively to the picture? There must be some agreement on such matters for any real unified strategy in the Far East.

SPIES OR SCAPEGOATS?

JOHN Carter Vincent and Owen Lattimore undoubtedly have their admirers. This magazine is not included among them, having criticized both during the years when it would still have been possible for the U.S. to exert real influence on the course of events in China. But one does not have to be a supporter of these men to feel dissatisfied with the way their cases have been handled.

Mr. Lattimore was called by Senator McCarthy "the top Russian espionage agent in the United States." Now he stands indicted on seven counts of perjury. But he has been indicted not for denying —as he does—that he was a Communist agent, but for a variety of less critical variations and contradictions in his testimony. Is Mr. Lattimore to be judged a Communist espionage agent if he is convicted of these charges?

Equally disturbing is the case of John Carter Vincent, who has been suspended because of a Loyalty Review Board finding of "reasonable doubt" as to his loyalty. Again we hold no brief for Mr. Vincent. But he has denied under oath that he was in any way disloyal. On the other hand, Louis Budenz has testified, also under oath, that Vincent was a Communist during his long service in China. What are the facts?

The testimony of Joseph Alsop on this matter adds a disquieting note. Budenz stated that Lattimore and Vincent were relied upon as "members of the Communist party" to guide Henry Wallace along the party-line during his trip to China in 1944. But Alsop himself played an official role in that mission, and he testifies that he and Vincent were the persons responsible for Wallace's recommendations to the President on China. These suggestions, which were carried out, included the removal of General Stilwell, who supported policies favorable to the Chinese Communists, and his replacement by General Wedemeyer, who was staunchly anti-Communist and pro-Chiang.

In further discussion of this matter, Alsop points out that Budenz spent some three thousand hours with the FBI between 1946 and 1949, revealing what he knew about the operation of the Communist machine. During that period, Alsop says, "the record shows that Budenz never once mentioned to the FBI that either Lattimore or Vincent was a secret Communist," despite the fact that Vincent in particular held an important post in the State Department. According to Mr. Alsop, it was only after Senator McCarthy delivered his famous attack in 1950 that Budenz made his charges against the two men.

Mr. Alsop smells perjury here. But if the charges made by Mr. Budenz turned out to be incorrect, deliberate perjury would not necessarily be involved. Mr. Budenz has been asked to recall events which took place years ago, and, as Whittaker Chambers has pointed out, after the lapse of years it is difficult to disentangle what one knows through personal experience from hearsay and surmisal. Certainly in the cases of both Owen Lattimore and John Carter Vincent there is sufficient reason to thresh the entire matter out in court.

If Owen Lattimore was guilty of espionage and conspiracy, he should be convicted on that score, not for less important discrepancies in his testimony. And if Mr. Vincent betrayed the United States while serving in China, the citizens of this country are entitled to know it. But if Lattimore was only a misguided fellow-traveler, and if Vincent simply gave honest estimates of the China situation as he saw it (estimates which later turned out to be unpopular), common decency demands that these facts also be made known.

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GUYS LIKE YOURSELF

IN this morning's *Herald Tribune* there was a picture of a handsome young soldier recently returned from Korea. He is legless now, and the point of the story was that the Army had speedily returned him to his family for the holidays. His family—mother, father and two pretty teen-age sisters—keeps amazingly cheerful, or at least they are making a valiant effort to be cheerful, though God knows they must often feel like weeping. The young sergeant himself is just as game about his bad luck as our heroic tradition demands.

"You know what we say in the hospital when someone wants help?" the sergeant asked his parents. "We say: 'What's a matter, you a cripple or something?' . . . The hospital is a pretty nice place. When you first land there you're the only person in the world this ever happened to. Then you look around to see a whole ward full of guys like yourself, with legs and maybe arms gone, and you suddenly think, 'Gee, what's so special about me?' "

The sergeant's words hit me. For some months during World War II, I was a patient in a military hospital which specialized in amputee cases, and I remember the kind of conversations that he was referring to.

I should say that I was not in any way to be classified among the war-wounded but found myself in this particular hospital for reasons of Army administrative convenience. I was an outsider there—a whole man and, under the circumstances, more or less ashamed of my wholeness. The "What's a matter, you a cripple or something?" was a popular gag in the hospital then, too —and I remember the amputees' expressing that "What's so special about me?" feeling.

Unless you are one of those who got it, you can have no idea of course what it is to get it—what it was then to know that the thing that was happening, the war that was being fought, would never be wholly over for you. It would be arrogant and foolish for me to try to put down how the amputees felt about themselves. That is the sort of experience that one cannot even accurately surmise; one can only presume that if he were numbered among those amputees he would have reacted publicly pretty much like the others—the same tired wisecracks that belittle the vital loss, the same crusty sympathy for one another, the same sense of fraternity for all those who have shared a similar war-fate.

If one were whole, as I was—cut off from the natural comradeship of those who left some of themselves behind on a distant battlefield—the same question arose, in that hospital atmosphere, but framed in a different context. "What's so special about me?": not what's so special about me that I should be spared, but what's so special about me that I should not be spared. In the context of armies and war, life and wholeness seem not to be rights that men have, but rather wonderful privileges they enjoy.

It is almost a definition of peace to say that it is a time when men—especially soldiers—take life for granted. When you are in the war context, everything and everybody outside it seem a bit extraordinary and almost unnatural. That people should live wholly outside of danger seems almost preposterous—the remote threat of destruction hangs over the soldier's head from the first day he puts on a uniform. The whole psychology of war is based on hoping for the best and expecting the worst. Outside the context of war, the very opposite is true: one fully expects to survive from day to day and hopes against unexpected disaster.

"What's so special about me?" is not a civilian question—nor is it a question for a time of peace.

I suppose that never before in our history have we had a fighting army backed up by so many citizens at home who should have a true understanding of what it means to be a soldier carrying on a war. Millions of American civilians have had, to greater or less degree, the experiences that this latest generation of uniformed men is now undergoing. In every war there is a wall sealing off those in it from those not in it. I, who wore a uniform for almost four years and never heard a shot fired, know that. But this time, with the world war such a short time ago and with so many combat veterans now the backbone of our civilian life, one would think that the wall between soldier and civilian would not be as impassible as in the past. One would not think that the combat soldier would not feel quite so alone, quite so overburdened with the harsh duty of a nation, as in the past.

Despite all this, our army in Korea is probably the loneliest, most cut-off army we have ever had in our history. While they freeze and suffer and die life on the homefront goes on pretty much as usual. The sacrifices of the fighting men in war are always all out of proportion to those of civilians back home. But in this war, the imbalance is practically scandalous. Except for those who have their loved ones fighting in Korea, the war seems far-off, distant, vague, almost unreal. It is, to be sure, a point of lively political controversy, but there is no general personal commitment on the home-front. Life goes on without corresponding sacrifices at home, as if there were no Americans suffering and dying for this country in a far-off land. Even men who only a few years ago cursed the indifference and apathy of the civilian population—which, judged by the nation backing our present army, was a model of personal concern—are themselves today indifferent and apathetic and shockingly "civilian"-minded.

JOHN COGLEY.

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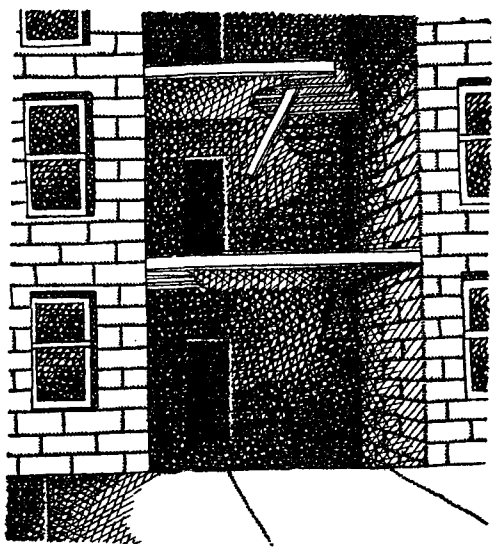
Germany: Shadows of Tomorrow

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE COMPLAINING AND CRITICIZING THAT PERVADE LIFE IN POSTWAR GERMANY?

H. A. REINHOLD

"YOU Americans are fools and don't know the first thing about statesmanship," said the lady doctor acidly. We were sharing a bottle of refreshing Moselle on a hot and stuffy evening in Hamburg last August. "Why did you have to disturb Hitler in his effort to crush the Reds? And then your stupidity at Yalta and Potsdam! We *always* knew Russia. You should have kept out of things you know nothing about." She was a bitter-looking woman who had seen the terrible things that happened in her native Silesia in 1945, when Breslau surrendered and the Red Army swept over her homeland raping, looting and killing. Almost the same words rang in my ears in the Rhineland, in Bavaria and the small German enclave south of the Brenner pass in Italy.



There is a temptation to write off German griping and carping as no more than a natural psychological reaction to military occupation and the inevitable blunders made in the occupation. The Americans in Germany, consular personnel and occupation employees, I talked to brushed it off as fairly irrelevant. But this is more than "griping"—this is disaffection of such dangerous proportions that it may make the present rebirth of Germany something akin to the one in 1933 and her rearmament a threat to Europe, especially when it coincides, in this country, with a barrage of pro-German articles and anti-British and anti-French publicity.

The visitor to Germany can't help but see how fast its cities, apart from Berlin, are rising from ruins, how well things are built, how richly the stores are stocked, and how amply so many Germans again enjoy the good things of life. There are more automobiles in "poor, beaten" Germany than during the prewar boom. Since you don't see what the poor are doing you receive the superficial impression that most people live better than anywhere else in Europe. You don't notice that there is a large sulking middle class when you live in a good hotel or are the guest of a well-to-do business man. But when you stay with, let us say, an upper-bracket civil servant and can't take a bath in his modern bathroom because he can't afford the gas bill, or when you find a home built for the comfortable living of his family now occupied by five persons who moved in during the 1943 air raids, and never moved out again, and you see that there is no money to partition the house to insure privacy after nine long years, you get an idea what life is like.

I don't believe that either tourists who make glib comparisons with France and England, or the many visitors to Germany sent on a triumphal tour through the country by one or the other government or semi-public agencies, see what you see when you travel on your own. Add to this, in my case, that polite inhibitions will disappear with a visitor who was not only born and raised in Germany, but who spent the greater part of his life there—I left in 1935.

THE first disheartening experience upon returning to your native land is that few take you seriously when you explain that your citizenship papers in the United States imply loyalty to your adopted country. Everyone seems to be convinced that a well-educated European can't possibly be serious about becoming a real American. At first they assume you are just pretending. This, of course, makes you angry and teaches you your first lesson: the average German today has a sovereign contempt for America. I know that this will be denied by other visitors, because most Americans either meet the small number of true admirers of America or those friendly for gain or other ulterior motives.

Father Reinhold, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Sunnyside, Washington, is a priest of the Yakima diocese.

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Morning, noon and night, sometimes openly, subtly or brutally, practically every citizen of the Federal Republic will let you know how abysmally inferior we are—the "stupid" British, the "sadistic" French, and the "coarse, untutored" Americans. A well-educated Benedictine tells you how American GI's "starved, froze to death and maltreated German prisoners of war in the compounds of Saffig and Marseilles." One army doctor tells you how his children's favorite pet dog was "stolen in open daylight by an American officer." Another doctor tells you how young American lieutenants took turns to "keep valiant German officers jumping at attention as late as in the winter of 1946."

Another favorite is the air raids,* above all those on lovely Dresden, which was supposedly destroyed from sheer whim and sadism by "Negroes" from American slums, with the "planes returning to machine gun the refugees on the meadows along the Elbe and in public parks"—or the Allied fighter swooping down "in fun" on a farmer tilling his field, machine-gunning him.

You never hear the end of their complaining about the case of that "noble gentleman," Marshall Kesselring, who "only retaliated" against the brutal assassination of thirty-two German soldiers driving along a highway near Rome. That he not only "retaliated," which, I am told, is permissible in occupied countries, but killed three hundred and fifty men and boys, more than ten times the number of German soldiers killed, is not mentioned.

How do you answer a high and respected cleric when he points to the ruins of his church and city from the window of his new house and says in an earnest voice: "This was done by the Protestant British because this is a Catholic town"? Only sixty miles away is a city of the same size also destroyed by the same air force, but eighty per cent Protestant. What do you say to a group of Germans telling you that "nationalism is dead, we are all Europeans now" and then half an hour later you run into the sister of some members of this very group, who is being ostracized and shunned because she married an Italian soldier?

Most Germans despise all occupying powers, with fine distinctions in pejorative terms given to the Americans and British, but they become incoherent and almost obscene when they speak of the French. How can you enjoy your "homecoming" and seeing old friends again when you have to listen to this, day in and day out, from one end of the republic to the other?

The citizens of Hamburg will not only tell you about the efficiency with which the city is being rebuilt, the cruelty of the great fire-raid in 1943, the "overbearing incompetence" and "cheapness" of its occupying forces, but they will take you to their magnificent cemetery in the suburb of Ohlsdorf—truly one of the most beautiful in the world, well-kept, laid out with care, so large that it supports a little bus system of its own. There are two monuments there. One they will show you; the other they won't.

The one you will be shown is a work of the great Barlach's pupil, E. Marcko, in memory of the fifty-six thousand victims of the 1943 air raid, buried here according to city districts in a mass grave that forms a huge Greek cross whose branches are each about five hundred feet long. All in all, the total is two thousand feet long and about sixty feet wide. It used to have a large wooden cross at the intersection of the four cross beams. The only markers were rough-hewn logs giving the names of the city districts whose inhabitants were buried underneath, and the pitiful little monuments grief-stricken families erected on their own along the margin of the mound, like the one erected by a returning soldier who found his wife and his seven little children gone when he returned.

The cross of wood was taken off and a stylized bunker of white stone, open to the sky and on one side, took its place. Here is Marcks' version of the Greek myth of Charon ferrying a group of dead across the Styx. Charon is given stupid ape-like feature to represent subhuman fate. Next come a naked young man staring in front of him in utter incomprehension and despair, an equally sex-emphasized young woman clinging desperately to her impassive husband, a child clutching her mother, and, staring quietly ahead of the boat, a nude, pot-bellied man showing all the signs of middle age, callously accepting fate in quiet resignation.

The outburst of indignation against this "bolshevik" art by one visitor when I was there was accepted in sullen silence. The place is too disturbing, too horrible for any quarrel with the artist and his unrelieved despair. The simple wooden cross that was there before gave meaning to the death of these fifty thousand victims of war, but this new monument, already the goal of thousands of visitors, leaves no balm, but only bitterness and despair.

At the other end of the cemetery is another monument, raised a few years earlier. I would have missed it, had it not been for a priest who drove me out there. He had been drafted as a navy chaplain. While we drove away from the above memorial he pointed to a hedge and said: "Nobody seems to be interested in these graves," the graves of those executed by order of court martial. He himself was forced to witness, and assist at, no less than three hundred and twenty beheadings, hangings and shootings, not to speak of those performed in his absence. All these killings were

*Pope Pius XII offered to negotiate an agreement on air raids, similar to his Roman truce, and found attentive ears on the Allied side and rebuff from Nazi Germany. The reason for this callous rebuff was that the Nazis were preparing more destructive and more efficient air raids (V2) and were not going to be hamstrung by any agreement, when their turn came.

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perpetrated by the military against members of the German armed forces.

"Who will build a memorial to them or to the two pastors who did not rise when Goering passed by their table in a cafe near the Rhine?" I asked. They died in Dachau for this crime. When I said this, my priest companion said: "But there *is* one, a fine one—didn't anybody show it to you?" Dozens of nameless urns containing the ashes of unknown concentration camp victims on a tall scaffold made of marble and bronze, with a moving inscription telling posterity that they died to warn the world against repetition of such cruelty, stand lonely and forgotten in this vast cemetery —an outcry lost in the clamor of self-pity, vindictive fault-finding and hatred that rises from millions of throats in this haughty and righteous land with its gloating over the shortcomings of the victors.

THAT such bitter criticism often coincides with Russian propaganda, as in the remark of a leading businessman who told me that "Wall Street engineered the Korean war to find an outlet for the glutted steel production of Gary and Pittsburgh"—I quote—seems of no concern to these people who by education and social position ought to be the leaders of their people.

When pressed hard, of course they express their deep abhorrence of Communism, of the Red Army and of Soviet methods. And I do not believe they are consciously repeating Russian-inspired propaganda. It is rather their fierce pride, the chauvinism and their ineradicable superiority feeling which make them carry on a propaganda line that is so consistent, so ubiquitous, so incessant that it almost seems to owe its crushing momentum to a mastermind like the late and unlamented Joseph Goebbels. This spontaneous outburst would delight his heart. It all seems to work without that mastermind, although to the naked eye of the observer it seems to be kept going by the encouraging pats coming from Moscow and certain gentlemen in Washington with their irresponsible and reckless criticism of the late Mr. Roosevelt, of Secretary Acheson and President Truman.

What is the meaning of this all-pervading complaining and criticizing? Let us try to reason this out. No German takes the responsibility for the past. Hitler and his chief lieutenants are dead and with them all sense of guilt. For the average middle-class German that chapter is closed. Nor do Germans of this class want to be identified with the unspeakable Russians, who did them the favor of behaving in such a way as to require no long rationalization of this rejection.

As long as the Soviet means what it was in 1944 and 1945 (rape, murder, looting and cruelty) and what it is now (terror, the police state and its diabolical methods) no real effort is needed to say that you disagree with it. But the Germans will not be identified with those who were right, who were wiser, more humane, more powerful and in many ways more civilized than they during the bitter war years. Therefore this frantic, bitter, spiteful looking for flaws, for frailty, for inefficiency and misjudgment. It is a refusal to be coordinated, to fit oneself into a position of equality, to accept the superiority of others in any field whatsoever.

Don't say, what a desperate game to be playing "while Rome burns." This has nothing to do with reason. You can walk by the monstrous Russian war memorial in Berlin and smile with contempt at its bad taste and complete lack of tact and then feel fine, even though this childish thing shouts military victory over your own son or husband. You just smirk and remember the stories that Russians washed their food in toilet bowls because they thought they were wash basins, and put the two things together (but you wink at the fact that classical music and literature have a higher market in Moscow than in the West).

Yet how are you, a member of a nation famous for learning, for music, for cleanliness, for efficiency, for jolliness in beer gardens and at sing fests, a member of a nation that beat all of Europe into a pulp, twice in twenty-five years, and kept the world at bay two times for four years, who rose from ruins twice by craftiness, hard work and sheer collective gumption, who in defeat was praised for having the only good superweapons, like the V2—how are you going to sing second tenor in the chorus of nations, while by right you should not only have the solo part but be the conductor and really provide the score?

WE Americans are apt to belittle this attitude as griping, just as we thought at first that Hitler was only an impossible paperhanger. But this carping criticism is a symptom of something far more serious. It shows the same disaffection and "divine vocation" that have been growing in Germany since Bismarck. It went through gradual stages. Then it become more virulent, and finally ended up by finding its symbol in Hitler. It now has become a neurosis common to a whole class or nation. The sense of humor needed to keep balanced, the subtle feeling for proportion, are gone. To forget the recent past helps.

Does Adenauer himself have tongue in cheek? I don't think so, but the Germans I met certainly have. They have, like Hitler, gambled before—didn't they almost win? Adenauer has got out of the Allies, one by one, more than anybody could have dreamed of, and he will get more, conjuring up a paper army which is then whisked off the conference table, to get more. In their way the Germans are wiser than "the first time," after Versailles: they use Adenauer and

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his plodding consistency to get as much as they can, without disturbing him, assuming that he is playing a shrewd game. Bit by bit he has led the West to surrender, not only funds, but also the symbols of victory. Nobody doubts his patriotism. The West now has to admit that "the world situation has to be seen our (the German) way. Nothing can be done without us."

This is a triumph, not just national vanity. It is part of a determined course to change defeat into victory and to regain a position lost by the awkward Fuehrer who lost his head at the wrong time. It is no prophecy to predict that Germany will not join the Western defence unless it leads it, and the West makes an unmistakable gesture of surrender. Against the mood expressed by all with whom I came in contact, except a very small minority, the chances of seeing a chastened, cooperative and responsible Germany in a commonwealth of free nations are very slim indeed. It seems to me that either our officials over there don't hear what is being said, or we have another case of their intelligence's going un-evaluated.

With the Reds right in the Germans' backyard, and with our own grim experiences, with our horror of Communism and our firsthand knowledge of Russian aims and methods, American readers may say: How can anybody strike such an attitude? Why don't they see that, unless they join up on the side of freedom, they will themselves be the first victims? Are they mad—or is your interpretation mad?

The answer to this very rational question is not easy, because this situation has all the madness of a real gamble. In the first place I think it is clear what these people think of their would-be allies—the French, the Italians, the British and us. Their conception of an army able to resist the onslaught of the fanatic millions of the East simply differs from what they have seen and now see. They know that France and Italy have more Communists than trained soldiers, while Germany has practically no Communists outside of the Iron Curtain. They believe that they are now being asked to show themselves masters of the Russians and their satellites. In a veiled way they have already been told that, but they want it in writing and for a price.

Secondly they have been in similar tight spots before and they got out of them. Weren't they disarmed in 1932 and armed in 1938? Things are in flux, a little aid here and a little aid there can change situations beyond recognition—just remember Rapallo, Berchtesgaden 1938, the 1939 pact. Who knows what will develop and who will take up the reins when Adenauer, who is near eighty, is gone? The Hitler experience, the misery following it, the example of others, have taught them collectively that gambling isn't the worst risk you can take. This vindictive and spiteful attitude, this fierce determination to get back in the saddle, this contempt for the noble gestures of some victors and the fearful caution of another, betray that deep down in their souls they believe that World War II was an unfortunate, costly, yet somehow glorious interlude in the forward march to a German overlordship over Europe. Their own collapse may give them confidence that the same could happen any day to Russia—after all they saw her anxious and willing to be friends in 1939.

An American consul general told me that, all in all, no country had ever been occupied in as humane and generous a way as Germany, even though "soldiers will be soldiers." I think he is right and those Germans who took it for granted that the Lord of Battles gave them a right to occupy Athens, Oslo, Paris, Rome and Kiev and who remember their methods must admit he is right, even if they hate to do so.

If that is so, it is simply no explanation at all to say that their hateful criticism of the Allies is merely a reaction against occupation, psychologically inevitable, because occupation differs from occupation, and the absence of a murderous underground or resistance is ample proof that our occupation is, in their own mind, not the same as the one of Denmark, Norway, France or Poland by them.

Griping and carping don't take these extreme forms unless paranoia has become acute. When paranoid conditions reach a certain stage reason and moral inhibitions vanish. The symptoms are evident now and we had better take an account of them. No young German will collaborate in a cause which he resents as insincere, hypocritical and inferior to his own. Somehow we have not proved our superior ideals in a language the middle-class German understands. Above all we have failed to show him his own record, calmly and factually. We have failed to ask the guardians of his conscience either to abdicate or to demand an examination of conscience. We have forgotten to keep Germany reminded of her misdeeds, while we gave her ample occasion to chalk up petty complaints against us.

I think it is now time to ask the Germans whether they want to be delivered to the Russians or do their part. If they prefer to join the Reds, let them go—before we get more involved. But I know my Germans: when they hear the soft voice and see the big stick they will come around. While we hurt the feelings of the French and English by the tone of our advice, we seem to be more anxious to look the other way whenever the skeleton in the German closet appears. And all the time the Russians carry on their cunning propaganda and the middle- and upper-class German not only plays hard to get, but systematically builds up a mentality which desperately resembles the one that spawned Hitler—only this time it is even fiercer, more determined and far, far more cynical.

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Diary of a Romantic Agrarian

FROM CHICAGO TO A FARM IN MISSOURI: TWO FAMILIES' TRIALS, TRIBULATIONS AND PROMISE FOR THE FUTURE

MARTIN PAUL

March, 1947

ON a blustery Sunday afternoon with snow falling in huge flakes we climbed into our Ford pickup. My wife, our six-months-old baby (packed in a basinette on the front seat), and I left Chicago for our new home in Missouri. After a year's planning and several trips to Milwaukee to confer with the Larry Heaney family, we were finally bound for a home on the land, to a farm which neither family had even seen.

The details of the purchase had been handled by a relative of the Heaneys, who knew our specifications. We wanted to be near a church, to get from one hundred and sixty to two hundred and forty acres, and the farm had to be within our price limit of eight thousand dollars.

Our families were products of *Catholic Worker* thinking. Both Larry and I had operated big-city Houses of Hospitality, and our wives had been social workers with a rural bent. At the time we had only our first child, and the Heaneys were expecting their fifth shortly. It was decided that they would wait until the baby was born before joining us.

The farm that was to be our new home was located about ninety miles southwest of St. Louis. It cost seven thousand dollars. Located in the foothills of the Ozarks, the rolling land was considered poor farm land. However, it did answer the purpose of people trained in the "romantic agrarian" school of thought.

The only hundred and sixty acre plot of land, mostly wooded, was just a quarter of a mile from St. Martin's Church at Starkenberg. I suppose the full seriousness of making a living for two growing families on this rundown farm hadn't really entered our minds. Idealists that we were, our first thought was to establish a farming commune patterned after the thought of Peter Maurin, founder of the Catholic Worker movement.

July, 1947

The first spring and summer were uneventful as the two families settled down to the occupancy of a large six-room house, with each family's having a wing of the house to itself, but with a common porch, water supply and toilet.

A great deal of time was spent going from one auction sale to another, picking up odds and ends in tools, equipment and machinery. Our limited knowledge and even more limited funds didn't make it feasible for us to buy livestock, so for several months we farmed without horses or livestock of any kind. In desperation we ended up at the horse and cattle traders with borrowed money—where, inevitably, we came out a poor second.

One of the horses we bought wasn't any good and later had to be taken back to the trader. He gave us another horse, but of course we had to give him something to boot. Out of six calves, two survived. The others died from one disease or another. The first batch of chickens suffered the dread disease, coccidiosis. We had tried to raise too many at one time.

September, 1947

The orchard of forty trees that we planted didn't last out the drought. Out of two thousand strawberry plants half survived. After much back-breaking work, the crop finally brought us several hundred dollars income.

March, 1948

THIS spring found us somewhat better prepared and a little better acclimated. I was getting a GI Bill check (as a self-employed apprentice) and driving the local school bus. Costs were high in spite of the stark simplicity of our living habits. Doctor bills, food supplies and feed bills ate up our cash as quickly as it came in.

Larry and I put in a sizable garden, which took most of our time, leaving precious little for field work. The garden fortunately produced abundantly. But, alas, we were learning gardening instead of the rudiments of farming, which we set out to do. Our knowledge of management (which should have in-

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cluded crop-rotation, division of work and the care of livestock) wasn't too impressive. Few people realize the difficulties one encounters in disciplining oneself to work on a farm. Most city people are accustomed to working for definite periods, either under supervision or in the company of others. A farmer must work with the seasons, the weather, and against time. Often one is confronted with a half-dozen tasks to be done, each seeming to be just as important as the others.

October, 1948

We came through the year in fair shape. The barn had a supply of hay in it good enough to winter some steers we had acquired. Larry and I put up most of it alone and by hand. Often we were pitching hay by moonlight. Only at the end of the season did we obtain a hay fork, which, when it was attached to the barn with pulleys and ropes, could be pulled by horses or tractor.

March, 1949

AT the beginning of our third year, life on the farm seemed a little less difficult than during the preceding two. By now we were more or less accepted by our neighbors as people who were trying to do something difficult and seemingly impossible. Larry and I were none too reticent about the opinions we had gleaned from a few books on farming, distributism and decentralism, and, of course, we weren't hesitant about voicing our anti-machine prejudices.

Our neighbors, we knew, thought we were a little queer. We had read *Plowman's Folly* by Faulkner, and so tried disking the few acres we cultivated, instead of using the conventional plow. In our ignorance we didn't realize that two horses could never stand the strain of that kind of heavy work. With gentle hints and occasional direct advice our neighbors tried to steer us to an economically sound and less difficult way of farming. They realized better than we did that if we were to support two families and pay off the mortgage the methods we were using would have to be changed.

The inevitable strain caused by two families' living under one roof was also beginning to tell. By now we had three children, and there were five big-eyed little Heaneys. Tentative plans were made for building some sort of home, either from a GI barracks or by sawing our own logs.

April, 1949

The financial strain, due to mistakes, livestock losses, and lack of income from the farm itself, had been severe. We decided, therefore, to saw our own logs. The work was heavy and slow, the weather damp and cold. Larry contracted pleurisy, which developed into lobar pneumonia. It became so acute he had to be taken to a hospital where he lay for ten or twelve weeks. After many X-rays it was decided he had a lung abscess and needed surgery. Larry didn't survive the operation and died in the hospital in St. Louis. He was thirty-seven. His wife, Ruth Anne, had just borne her sixth baby.

Summer, 1949

AFTER Larry's death, the situation at Holy Family Farm looked bleak. But friends and relatives came to our aid and we decided to carry on. During the summer a flock of young social malcontents, idealists, and "romantic agrarians" came to us so we had help and a measure of communal life. Some came to help in our need, others to see what community farming was like.

Our own acceptance into the life of our parish and community wasn't made any easier. Here we were trying to teach farming to the young men who came to us, and in our neighbors' opinions we knew precious little about farming ourselves. The neighbors just observed, and when we were around kept their thoughts to themselves. But gossip does get around, and Holy Family Farm and its antics were the butt of many jokes.

Our daily quarter-mile trek through the woods to Mass took up a good part of the morning. As a result we were always behind in our work. How much of the story about Saint Isidore, patron of farmers, is fact and how much is fiction, I don't know. But the picture of him that I like best is the unconventional one that shows Isidore, and not the angel, doing the plowing.

To this day I don't manage to catch up with the tasks that confront me. Even long-experienced farmers find it difficult to keep "on top of their work," as they put it.

I was rapidly discovering that life on the land isn't all lovely odors, melodic sounds and painted skies. There are many discordant notes. Nerves become frayed. Worries pile up. There is no dearth of stomach ulcers among farmers. You can escape city tensions on the land, but you can't escape the inevitable stresses and strains of life.

March, 1950

We started to build a new home for the Heaney family this spring. A relative of Ruth Ann Heaney made it possible to purchase an old GI barracks, but work on it progressed slowly. With the aid of a neighboring craftsman, we had hoped to complete it for occupancy by fall. Optimism (or a lack of realism) had on many other occasions been our downfall and the cause of costly mistakes. It wasn't any dif-

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ferent with the new home. The costs ran much higher than our estimate, and the progress was very slow. The logs we sawed for the home were still in the woods. To get them out and to the sawmill was a job we couldn't get to, with the pressure of other work. As a result lumber had to be bought.

March, 1951

I was alone now. For the first time since we arrived from the city the responsibility for managing the farm was solely mine. My decisions from now on had to be well planned, and mistakes kept to as few as possible if we were to survive. I wasn't alone long before a fellow connected with the Catholic Worker in Chicago came along to get a look at communal farming. He was interested in starting a communal farm for alcoholics.

June, 1951

SUMMER was barely under way when tragedy again struck the Heaneys. The youngest boy fell into an open pit and drowned. This stilled our enthusiasm for the new home we had planned.

With the aid of a used tractor and combine bought in the spring, I was able to harvest our first decent wheat crop and later plant about twenty more acres of wheat.

September, 1951

Payments on the real estate mortgage and chattel mortgage on some cattle were made. Another year was closing and I looked ahead, again alone. The lad from Chicago had found himself a wife and a farm while he was here. He was settling down to his own worries, on a farm about six miles from us.

Hope returns with the coming of a new year, and so I waited for 1952 but not without apprehension. Cash doesn't come easily to most farmers. Expenses on machinery repair and upkeep are high. Each time I thought the bank balance looked good, another expense popped up. Feed and seed bills, taxes, licenses, insurance, interest on notes, gas and oil, doctor and dental bills, and the food bills still remained high in spite of the amount of food we raised on the farm. About the only negligible cost was for clothing, because most of that was given to us by our friends. Nor did our recreation cost anything. We just didn't go anywhere.

March, 1952

This spring we had ideal weather for our wheat—hot and dry. It was wonderful weather for doing spring work. The garden, several acres of oats and five acres of corn were enthusiastically put in. The enthusiasm didn't last long, for the next twelve weeks we had about an inch of rain. Vegetables in the garden withered. The oats just didn't grow, but the corn survived because it was seeded last and required hot weather to get a good start.

We prayed for rain. Throughout the archdiocese the Archbishop requested prayers for rain. It came finally, about mid-July, just in time to make a good corn and hay crop and after the wheat was harvested. While we were suffering these difficulties, several cows and calves died. This offset the proceeds from a good wheat harvest.

August, 1952

Again it settled down to hot and dry weather. We had been working on a new barn at the Heaney homestead. The logs that were originally cut for their home were finally milled into lumber and could be used now to build the barn.

October, 1952

For the past ten weeks there had been no rain. Old-timers around here said it was the driest year since 1936. Some went back even further. Water supplies were desperately low. Cisterns, wells, ponds, and creeks were drying up. Many farmers hauled water from distant creeks for livestock. Again we prayed for rain.

TRIALS just never cease. The future is still uncertain. Yet, the life here holds so many things that are good that one hates the thought of giving up. When we first came to Missouri we talked of five years as the maximum time to create a self-subsistent community. As I look on it now, after five years, we are still at least another five years away from that goal.

During these first years we have put about twenty thousand dollars into the venture, our own savings, GI benefits, gifts and loans included. At present values, our inventory, including real estate, livestock, machinery, etc., would run about sixteen thousand dollars. But we still owe six thousand dollars in mortgages and notes.

The need for a lot of money to operate a farm can be seen from these figures. By citing them I don't wish to deter or disillusion any would-be farmers. There should be more attempts at communal and family-type farms. But the problems should be faced *before*, not *after* the attempt is made

Especially should one realize the need of a cash-income, either from the farm or from outside work, or from both. A cash crop is a necessity and can be had from any number of sources—grain, livestock or poultry.

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Perhaps the best way to meet the need for money is to pay for the farm before undertaking any such venture. The interest on notes and mortgages is quite a burden.

If one can't pay cash for a farm it might be a good idea to rent a farm for a few years to gain the necessary experience. I'm sure it would be much cheaper than doing it the hard way, as we did.

Now, after five years, I feel that I actually know something about farming. With good weather for our crops and a fair amount of luck with our livestock, perhaps in time we may become, at least to a degree, a self-subsistent community. How close we come to the spiritual ideal we started off with depends much on how well and how wisely we treat the natural elements we work with.

The Death of a Communist

DOUGLAS HYDE

THEY put my friend Ludwig into the death cell on the morning of November 27th, 1952. He had been taken into court earlier that day to be sentenced. And when the Presiding Judge told him that he would be hanged by his neck until he was dead, the crowd back of the courtroom cheered the announcement. The judge went on to say that he could get advice about an appeal if he wished. Ludwig, like the others sentenced with him, had a word with his lawyer, then stepped forward to say that the punishment was a just one, that he deserved it, and that therefore he would not appeal against it.

And, so, as one of the "Slansky group" of Czech Communist leaders condemned to death by their own comrades, Ludwig Freund, otherwise known as Freyka, head of the National Economy Department of the Chancellory of the President of the Republic, who had been my friend when he was a political refugee in London, ended his career as a Communist leader. But it was not the sort of end that ever entered into our calculations in the days when we used to sit together in my office in the London *Daily Worker* building talking of what the postwar Communist Czechoslovakia would be like.

He was working for me as a special correspondent in those days, writing on Czech and other Central European affairs, bringing in the political gossip from what we called "exile government circles." We used to pull his leg because, in his anxiety to look as un-foreign as possible, he made himself look more English than the English. He dressed in the roughest of rough tweeds and wore caps to match of the sort that he had seen in those illustrated "glossies" which specialize in showing the petty-bourgeoisie how the rich really live. He took the leg-pulling with a smile, for he was the easiest of men to get on with. Moreover, he was, in dressing like that, only taking the Party's orders very seriously—as he always did—because he had been told that, with a Germanic name like Freund, he must, if he was not to find himself in jail again, make himself appear as English as he could.

LUDWIG was a Sudeten-German Jew who joined the Communist Party in his youth. That was not really a very surprising thing to do under the circumstances. That an intelligent youth living in the Sudetenland, that much-contested cockpit of rival nationalisms, should turn in the years following World War I to the Communists, who claimed to be above the sordid national struggle, was natural enough—particularly if, as in Ludwig's case, he had no other faith to hold onto.

That a sensitive young Jew, living in a part of Europe with an ugly record of political anti-Semitism, should go into the party which most loudly condemned the anti-Semites was equally understandable. And, being intelligent, he quickly rose in the party and in due course became the editor of the Prague edition of *Rote Fahne,* the German Communist Party daily paper. As the Nazi influence in the area grew, the job required courage, too, but Ludwig, although quiet and small, showed he had plenty of that as well. He stuck to his post right up to the moment when the Nazis marched into the Sudetenland. Then the party, which at once went underground, ordered its Jewish leaders to get out, because if they stayed and were not discovered to be Communists they would still be picked up as Jews.

So he had to drop his work for Communism and his position as an executive member of the Union of Journalists of Czechoslovakia and leave as quickly as he could. With the help of the Czech Refugee Trust Fund and the British Committee for Czechoslovakian Refugees he was got to safety in Britain. Both organizations were backed by Liberals, and in particular by the Liberal daily paper, the *News Chronicle,* whose concern was with him as a Jewish refugee rather than as a Communist one. For a time he went around Britain organizing the work of the Trust Fund and visiting the hostels which had been set up for the refugees. This suited him perfectly, for he could use the work as a cover for organizing the Communist Party among them

Mr. Hyde is the author of "I Believe," an account of his conversion from Communism to Catholicism.

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as well, and even for holding Marxist classes in the hostels.

Then came World War II. The Trust Fund had him trained as a welder with the idea of making it possible for him to contribute to the war effort. But the Communist International before long decided that the war was an imperialist one, and that it was the duty of the Communists to oppose it. Soon Ludwig, along with a number of other Communists from countries with which Britain was at war, was picked up by the security authorities and put in jail.

An organization, the National Council for Democratic Aid, packed with Communists and fellow-travelers, plus some of the Liberals who had brought them to Britain, was quickly set up to campaign for their release. Its most useful weapon was a pamphlet called "Morrison's Prisoners." (Herbert Morrison, the Labor Party leader, was Minister of National Security at the time. He was technically responsible for their detention, and thus was an ideal target for the Communists.)

The pamphlet dealt with six Czech Communist leaders who had been detained, of whom Ludwig was one. It extolled them all as anti-fascist fighters and great working-class leaders, and it paid particular tribute to the fact that Ludwig had edited the *Rote Fahne,* "the only German newspaper which up to the very last moment stood for a united resistance by the people of Czechoslovakia against Nazi aggression." And it quoted some highly respectable non-Communist leaders of the British Journalists' union, the N.U.J., as witnesses to his integrity as an anti-Nazi, urging his immediate release from detention.

Some time after Russia came into the war, and the Party line switched to its support, Ludwig was released. To be a Communist was now respectable enough, and so he went straight into Czech Government circles in London and actively, though still with a certain amount of discretion, campaigned for the Communist Party.

Then, under a Czech Government scholarship plan, Ludwig was given the chance to work on any British newspaper he chose. The idea was that he should learn all about British democratic methods. Not unnaturally—but somewhat ironically—he chose the Communist *Daily Worker.* And so he came to work for me.

HIS main job on the paper was to keep our readers informed of what was happening among the many emigré Governments then in London, although he did some home reporting for the *Worker* too. This provided a perfect cover for Communist organizing, and he was given entree to almost all political circles.

But a good part of the time he was office-based, and when the reporting team had all been sent out on their assignments for the day, we would sit talking of the new Communist Czechoslovakia which we were both confident would arise at the end of the war. At that time there was no other Communist country but Russia, nor had there ever been. So we assumed that the new Communist states of the postwar world would, as our propaganda had always foretold, take on distinctive forms, adapting themselves to national cultures and traditions. And our views were shared by Communists everywhere, including both those Czechs who were recently put into the dock with Ludwig and those who put them there.

Because Czechoslovakia almost self-consciously belonged to the West, we said that it would be unlike the U.S.S.R. in many respects. In our innocence we planned the forms it might take, how much it would be able to use of what the West had to offer, and how much of the experience of the Russian dictatorship of the proletariat could be adapted to Czech conditions. The new regime of which we talked and dreamed was, from the Christian standpoint, neither better nor worse than the Russian model. It was just as Marxist in its philosophy and its methods and therefore just as evil. But it at least took account of the differences of history and background.

Ludwig's influence grew as the Red Army drove into Central Europe, and soon he was writing articles on Czech problems for the *Daily Worker* to which, with a minimum of persuasion, non-Communist politicians put their signatures. His nation's liberals were already beginning to show that lack of principle which was their fundamental weakness and ultimately their undoing.

When his country was liberated, Ludwig went back and stepped very quickly into a position of importance, planning behind the scenes both the Two and Five Year Plans which were intended to change the face of the country. And it was as the former head of the National-Economy Department of the Chancellory

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of the President of the Republic that, on November 22nd, 1952, he appeared in the dock with thirteen other planners of the brave new Czechoslovakia.

THE charge against them was, said the Cominform journal, "that, being Trotskyite-Titoite, and Zionist, bourgeois-nationalist traitors and enemies of the people's democratic system and of Socialism, and being in the service of the American imperialists, they, under the leadership of hostile Western intelligence services, formed an anti-State conspiratorial center, undermined the people's democratic system, disrupted the construction of Socialism, damaged the national economy by espionage. . . ." That, and a great deal more besides.

By that time, of course, Ludwig had been "conditioned," for he had already had two years in jail. Because he had been my friend, and because I happened to be ill at the time, with plenty of opportunity to think, I tried to imagine him in the dock.

He had a high forehead and a sensitive, intelligent, friendly face. I pictured him looking around the court and seeing the only Englishman present at the press table, Sam Russell of the *Daily Worker*.

Sam used to be my deputy and he, too, liked and respected Ludwig when he worked with us. He, like Ludwig, was a Jew. But if Ludwig thought that he had found in Sam the only possible friend in the court he was mistaken, judging by the ice-cold fifteen thousand word report of his "confession" which Sam cabled that night to the *Worker*.

In his confession Ludwig said that all along he had been an agent of the British Intelligence Service. He was even made to blacken the Liberal organization which had brought him, as a Jewish refugee fleeing for his life, to Britain and to safety. Three days later he went back into the box to plead that only a death-sentence was bad enough for the things he had done. His son, on the previous day, had written to the court demanding the same sentence. The court obliged, to the accompaniment of the cheers of the crowd at the back.

What was there left for Ludwig when he was taken down to the death cells? He had never practised his Jewish religion, and as a Marxist had rejected all others. He had joined the Communists because of his hatred of anti-Semitism, yet he knew now that he was no more than a pawn in one of the most cynical anti-Semitic trials of all time. He had joined because he was in revolt against the dangers of nationalism, yet the trial in which he had been made to play his part had shown more clearly than anything else the way in which the Kremlin chiefs now demand of their satellites one hundred percent subservience to Russia's national pride and aspirations. He had joined the Communists because of the idealism that was in him in his youth, and his trial had become a macabre comment on the way in which Communism squanders and degrades the idealism of its followers. He had hated the capitalists as only a Communist can hate, yet now he had "confessed" to being their agent.

When other Communists have been executed in the past it has usually been at the hands of their enemies, and they have died sustained by the hatred that was in them. Even that was denied to him. When Ernst Thaelmann, the German Communist leader, was tortured by the Nazis, every man in the Moabit jail could hear the revolutionary slogans he shouted at those who pressed him against the heated iron. Before Gabriel Peri, former Foreign Editor of *l'Humanite,* the French *Daily Worker,* was taken out to be executed by the Germans, he wrote, buoyed up by his belief in the inevitability of a Marxist victory: "I die so that France may live."

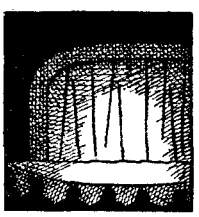
But what do the new communist "martyrs," the ones who die at the hands of their comrades, have to sustain them?

That is not a question that just one former Communist has been asking himself. There must be Communists and fellow-travelers all over the West who are secretly asking themselves the same question. In fact, the trial of the "Slansky group" in Prague may yet be used to weaken the faith of some of the followers of Communism. And it is there that the real battle has still to be fought.

THE STAGE

HAMLET

STRIPPED of its lyricism and splendor, the Gallic "Hamlet" which Jean-Louis Barrault and his Company presented last week at the Ziegfeld had still a formidable power. It was not, to be sure, a definitive version: sober, "traditional," often eloquent, it sustained interest rather than excited it. Nor can I conceive of Shakespeare's tragedy as a theatrical occasion with which to display most advantageously this troupe's devastating skill and art. But co-existing with the eccentricity of the evening was this one solid merit: M. Barrault afforded us the opportunity of experiencing this crucial masterpiece on its most elementary terms, as—literally—"plot," an arrangement of action, which must establish its authority without benefit of the verbal dimension.



It was, I think, an opportunity seized on the whole quite admirably. M. Barrault's "interpretation" would

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seem to parallel that presented (in our own country) with such provocative and fruitful emphasis by Francis Fergusson: a version in which the quest of the tragedy is seen as Hamlet's attempt to reveal and expunge the infection which has polluted the social body—politic, moral, intellectual—of Denmark. Quite understandably, the tragic analogies and relations which give the drama so much of its richness (and all of which have been most beautifully and incisively explored by Mr. Fergusson) could not break through the language barrier, but conceding even this, the production had a histrionic basis which made it compelling on any terms.

M. Barrault portrayed the black Prince with a subtle, but not a remarkably original sensibility. He brought chiefly to the role a fine neurotic edge, a quicksilver ability to range freely within the extremes of hysteria and the most devastating melancholy. Above all, here was a Hamlet in whom spiritual anarchy and the sickness unto death were genuine.

There was also an unexpected note of tenderness—manly tenderness, and a sweetness of disposition—in his moments with Laertes and Horatio. Barrault's reading of Hamlet's tribute to the latter provided perhaps the most moving scene of the evening (beautifully redeemed from sentimentality by his affectionate feint at the noble humanist). Mlle. Simone Valere, in the mad scene, was brutally effective, and Jacques Dacquime had an almost Oriental magnificence as Claudius; for once, the antagonism of will which is central to "Hamlet" was not obscured, but excellently conveyed. The other members of the cast were adequate rather than striking.

If there was any special fault to be found with the evening, it resided in the strangely improverished physical production with which Barrault surrounded himself. "Hamlet" is, on many of its levels, crucially a drama of ceremony and ritual; the show of factitious pomp and diseased splendor is essential to a full proliferation of its meaning and significance.

Barrault's Elsinore was, on the contrary, something of a vacuum, and while this cast into proper relief the devious web of relations which compose the play, it nonetheless deprived us of the wide social sense—the scene—which gives the private situation its solid consistency and weight. But these were the only flaws, and it was reassuring to observe how well "Hamlet" weathered this sea change, still retaining his obsessive fascination, and his unique power to seed the mind. (*Closed after a limited engagement at the Ziegfeld.*)

SEE THE JAGUAR

MR. N. Richard Nash is not Shakespeare, nor "See the Jaguar" another "Hamlet," but this perfectly legitimate and honorable state of affairs has not come about, I fear, through lack of effort. Mr. Louis Kronenberger has already classically characterized this play as one in which every little movement has three meanings all its own, and there is not really much point in further elaborating his observation.

For his setting, Mr. Nash imagined a primitive mountain community divided by the clash of wills between an idealistic schoolmaster and a brutal sheriff who lives by the laws of violence. This conflict issues in the destruction of the young man, a situation in which I presume we are to read symbolically the plight of innocence in a malign world.

A theme so aesthetically exhausted as this cannot be expected to yield further ore, and Mr. Nash regrettably turned up not a nugget. At the risk of harshness, I must confess that I shall class "See the Jaguar" among the most relentlessly tedious of my theatrical memories. It is a work quite threadbare in nature, drearily constructed out of insights which began to lose their freshness a generation ago. Surely, for example, it bespeaks some slowness of mind to be imagining our experience in these terms of innocence and corruption after the history of the past fifty years.

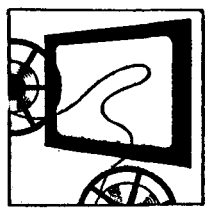
What the evening offered, then, was only old wine in old bottles, and the unfortunate spectacle of watching so brilliant an actor as Arthur Kennedy trying to extricate himself from the bear traps Mr. Nash planted clumsily among the foothills. The most agonizing of these was a kind of mountain prose poetry which required the expiring Mr. Kennedy to invoke his fiancée thusly: "I see you in the brightness of your shine." Oh, and yes: flights of angels *did* sing Mr. Kennedy to *his* rest: the season's most vulgar curtain fell on a Hollywood chorus (hillbilly?), lugubriously wafting this young man's mishandled soul to Paradise. Amen. (*Closed at the Cort.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

PRETTIER THAN POPCORN AND MORE FUN

AT year's end four gala Technicolor items have turned up to brighten your holidays. Since these are of varying degrees of entertainment, you can select your fare according to which stars you prefer to see doing what.



If ever a movie illustrated the triumph of music over material it is "Stars and Stripes Forever," a biographical film about John Philip Sousa from 1890 when he led the Marine Corps Band until some ten years later when he was well established as the March King.

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Clifton Webb, wearing beard and pince-nez, plays Sousa in his usual tart manner and has some justification for his hauteur this time, considering that Sousa himself had such inflexible and high standards for all things connected with his band. Ruth Hussey is charming as his patient and wise wife who knew, as so many wives do know, how to handle a husband who had every right to be impressed with his own impressive reputation. Debra Paget and Robert Wagner as a pair of youthful, star-crossed lovers lend a superficial romantic note to producer-writer Lamar Trotti's rambling plot that is mainly concerned with the problems and victories of middle age.

But it is the music itself, played with rousing enthusiasm throughout the picture, that becomes the hero of "Stars and Stripes Forever," and if Webb's Sousa doesn't make you feel like throwing out your chest and marching, then "The Washington Post," "Semper Fidelis" and the invigorating title tune are likely to turn the trick.

THE new Crosby-Hope-Dorothy Lamour opus won't make you feel like hitting the road or marching anywhere, but it is guaranteed to make you laugh. It's hard to compare one of their "Road" pictures with another; some gags may be funnier than others, but on a whole the films are pretty much of a pattern. And for my money, right now, the newest and most recent "Road to Bali" is the funniest.

In the strictest sense of the word, the "Road" movies aren't cinema at all; they are a prolonged series of vaudeville jokes. And in this "Bali" edition many of the jokes are spoken right to the audience. When Bing goes up on deck to sing, Bob informs us that now is the time for us go out and get popcorn. And at the end, when Bing walks off with all the girls, Bob does everything he can to keep the picture from ending. And, oh well, hit the road to Bali yourself—just for kicks.

ANOTHER new picture that won't win any prizes as an example of the cinematic medium at its best is "The Importance of Being Earnest," but this English film is so much fun and so beautiful to look at that it is a must for anyone who likes extravagant wit in a comedy of manners. Strangely enough, Producer-director Anthony Asquith handles this Oscar Wilde play as a play and hardly bothers at all to adapt the proceedings to cinema technique. But perhaps Wilde's nonsense won't adapt. And certainly the plot of "Earnest" and everything else about it must be done in the stylized manner of the '90s to be made acceptable at all.

The cast in this version is excellent: Michael Redgrave as Jack Worthing, who invents a brother Earnest as an excuse to come to town often; Michael Denison as his friend Algy, who pretends to be that brother Earnest so he can call on Jack's ward; Dorothy Tutin as this ward; and Joan Greenwood as Jack's fiancee, a rather outspoken girl for her times. Actually it is the oldsters who steal the show, however—Edith Evans as the haughty Lady Bracknell who does not find Jack's name on the list of eligibles for her daughter's hand; and Margaret Rutherford (she of the jutting jaw) as Miss Prism, a militant spinster who considers single men a permanent temptation.

WHEN a script has dialogue by Oscar Wilde, it can surmount a frothy story, but when neither its plot nor lines have any distinction, then even a good cast can't help it much. Ray Bolger, Doris Day and Claude Dauphin try awfully hard in "April in Paris." Once in a while, Bolger, as the assistant secretary to the assistant to the undersecretary of state, manages to slip over a cogent sly observation in this musical comedy, but most of the film is a heavy-handed affair that never quite gets off the ground.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

FOR THE SECOND TERM

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COMMUNICATIONS

Gambier, Ohio

TO the Editors: In his review of my book, *The Republic and the Person,* in your issue of 28 November Canon Bell says that I am one "who regards Catholicism as scarcely more than superstition and as alien to the American *geist.*" This is a flat misstatement, as anyone who reads the book can see.

My book proposes more Catholic as well as Protestant chapels in the secular universities, commends the vitality of Catholic churches in American communities and pays special attention to the weakness and confusion of the Protestant analysis of Christian higher education by contrast to the clarity and strength of the best Catholic thought.

Having high regard for The Commonweal and its readers, I am concerned that Canon Bell's misstatement be corrected.

GORDON KEITH CHALMERS.

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Catholic, Liberal, Politician Without Portfolio

LORD ACTON: A Study in Conscience and Politics. By Gertrude Himmelfarb. University of Chicago Press. $3.75

By PHILIP BURNHAM

"IT is the story of a man who started in life believing himself a sincere Catholic and a sincere Liberal; who therefore renounced everything in Catholicism which was not compatible with Liberty and everything in Politics that was not compatible with Catholicity." Lord Acton in a private letter thus summed up what he called the "simple, obvious, and not interesting" story of his life.

At the time, in 1884, Acton was fifty years old, and he was, as this new biographer says, "a Catholic in bad standing with the hierarchy, a politician without portfolio, and, for the most part, an historian without academic status." Also, however, he was then, and he continued to be until his death in 1902, the most learned man in England and one of the most richly and provocatively interesting protagonists of the whole European public and intellectual life of the Victorian era.

Acton died at the age of sixty-eight with his position, according to this book, little changed. Intellectually, his conceptions of Catholicism and of Liberalism were further developed and sharpened and hardened, along the same lines. His exalted but isolated status had been reinforced but not much altered in 1895 when Cambridge University appointed him to the Regius Professorship of Modern History, the most eminent chair of History in the British Empire. Around that time, also, Cardinal Vaughan of Westminster, successor to the decidedly inimical Manning, trying to bury hatchets, congratulated and honored him, but by no means endorsed the views attributed to him.

The ideas and life of Lord Acton provide, with a comprehensiveness and integrity that are not duplicated, the nineteenth-century model of the Liberal opposed to the Tory, the Radical Liberal contrasted to the Whig, and the Catholic contrasted to the Secularist—the Liberal Catholic opposed utterly to the Ultramontane.

Lord Acton—John Edward Emerich Dalberg Acton—possessed freedom in an overabundant, exaggerated degree. He was rich without being submerged in property. He was noble without suffering the restrictions of royalty. He was high in the councils of the most powerful contemporary empire, but free from nationalistic entanglements. He was handsome, intelligent, self-controlled and sound, physically, nervously, morally. No visible barrier or burdensome responsibility blocked his path; every high road lay open and paved before him.

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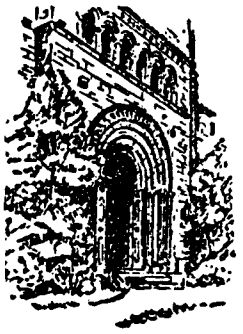

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The February, 1953, issue of *Blackfriars,* the English critical monthly review edited by the Dominican Fathers, will be devoted to *COMMUNISM* and will reproduce lectures delivered to a Conference of the Newman International Centre held in London in December. The issue will contain the following contributions:

The Philosophical Background of Communism
by Rev. Fr. D. J. B. Hawkins, D.D., and Very Rev. Fr. Ian Hislop, O.P., Ph.D.

The Economic Aspect of Communism
by H. R. Brech of *The Economist*

The Communist View of Science
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It was logical, indeed, that liberty to Acton appeared the ultimate value of philosophy and history. It was inevitable, no doubt, that Acton's own career was a frustration, and that the dizzying, unlimited potentialities which he, humbly, and all his contemporaries, enthusiastically, recognized in his person never achieved finished form or became solid monuments.

The History of Liberty, planned during fifty years of study, debate, travel and note-making, was never written. Acton never was official ambassador and never a cabinet member, and he performed no notable act in the public or private economy. We know him only from the essays and book reviews he published, all of them short works, disconnected and not designed to give the full sphere of his thought.

We can grasp something from the character of the works he helped to edit—*The Cambridge Modern History,* and the magazines: *Rambler, Home & Foreign Review, Chronicle, North British Review, English Historical Review.* He left a mass of notes in the library of Cambridge University, which Gertrude Himmelfarb in this book is the first to deal with seriously and at length. Finally, there is the impression his personality and his ideas produced upon eminent Victorians.

What kind of Liberal was Acton, and what kind of Catholic? What was really the relation between the two? These are the important questions, and constitute the continuing interest and lesson of his work and life. In this careful and excellently documented biography, Gertrude Himmelfarb attempts to write down in black and white the text of Acton's opinions and beliefs. It is, she says, "not so much the biography of a life as the biography of a mind." Much of the study reads, therefore, as the author adds, "like exercises in textual analysis."

It is the kind of biography of himself which Acton would have approved. He always tried to objectify his thoughts and judgments, basing them solidly upon the facts and philosophical certainties which a working mind could obtain. His studies and judgments respected no man, nor the human, psychological conditions which influenced their approach to truth or falsehood, virtue or evil. Although—or because—his powerful intellect cut through the human complications surrounding the origin and motives and tenure of ideas, Acton's ideas themselves are complex, and abstract. "The great object, in trying to understand history, political, religious, literary or scientific," he wrote Mary Gladstone, "is to get behind men and to grasp ideas."

Gertrude Himmelfarb presents the ideas in orderly fashion. Her method, for the most part, is to produce the words or substance of published papers—letters, reviews, essays, etc.—and check and elaborate them from the unpublished notes stored in the Cambridge library. This seems largely a scientific job, and appears to be done well and impartially—except in so far as the author is clearly partisan to the ideas she finds in Acton.

As far as the use of the unpublished papers goes, the reader has no way to know if her selections and interpretations would correspond with his own. It is certain that, following exhortations of Lord Acton, Miss Himmelfarb is more than willing to crown her impartiality with very flat judgments of the people who have interpreted her subject before her; and her judgments, like Acton's, are mostly adverse. Too many writers have tried to domesticate Acton, especially, it would seem, Catholics with a "clerical" or Ultramontane weakness who wish him to appear a less "Liberal" Catholic, and less murderously the enemy of Ultramontanism, than he always proclaimed himself to be.

Lord Acton was a kind of natural-born doctrinaire. As such, many of his doctrines had to rise and fall over the years, and many remained until the end in contradiction with each other. There simply is no objective rational reconciliation between all his views and opinions—so many of them summed up in fine epigrams or well-wrought brief

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sentences. For this reason, another volume of biography is also wanted, which concentrates more upon the character of the man who held the doctrines, and gives a survey of the objective ideas relative to his temperament and personality and private history.

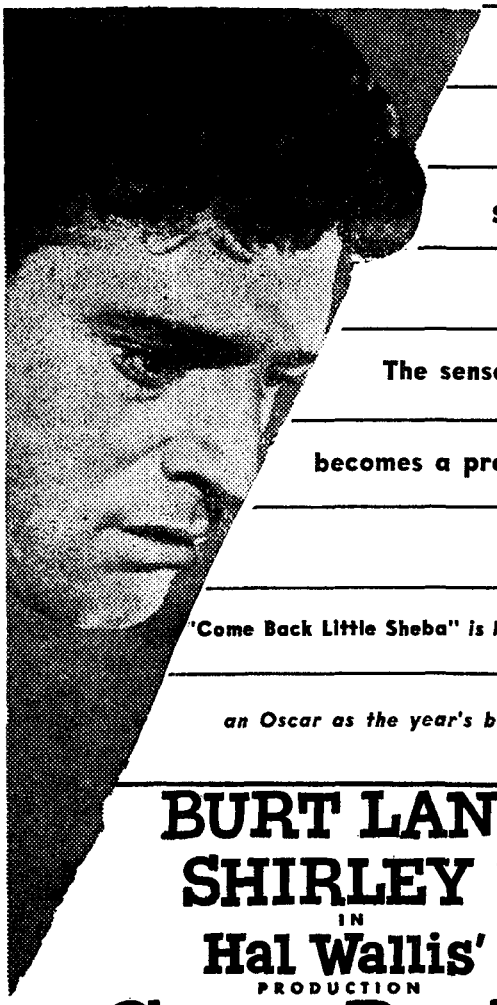
There is a necessary organic quality missing from Miss Himmelfarb's treatment, as there was, it appears, from Acton's preferred mode of thought. Although he never defined it, while constantly speaking of it, Acton seems to have wanted the definition of Truth to be a clear, declarative sentence. That is a troublesome prejudice for an historian and a good man.

Another definition notably lacking is that of liberty. The closest approach is on the metaphysical and religious plane, where Acton emphasized the orthodox statement of the essential freedom of choice given to men by God, the power of good and evil. But it is with the greatest difficulty that a corresponding, or derivative freedom can be defined and preserved for men in their political, social and economic relationships. This Acton attempted heroically to do, and in doing so he was certainly involved—honorably involved—in arbitrariness and contradiction. He attacked "persecution" always, everywhere, and most fervently of all when it involved the Pope and the Church. But his judgment of the use of force in society cannot be made into a single, intelligible rule to embrace Martyrs as well as Popes, Liberals as well as Tories, and good as well as bad Revolutionaries.

Acton's fidelity to the Catholic Church was a constant basis of his entire moral and intellectual position, but it was a fidelity never defined mathematically enough for his questioning and wondering non-Catholic contemporaries, nor for his enemies among the Ultramontane powers of the Church who defeated his views in the Council of 1870 and dominated the Catholic scene generally throughout his life.

Here again it appears that an organic and non-doctrinaire element was neglected by Acton in his writing and speaking and by the others concerned with his meanings and his position. The Mystical Body of Christ and membership in the Mystical Body are truths not encompassed by a grammatical sentence. And they embrace men whom Acton, as the conscientious "hanging judge" among historians, would find to have "low water marks" (by which he said historians should judge men) at a level of sin, crime and scandal shocking indeed to any doctrine of the right and free and true.

"I find," Acton wrote to Bishop Creighton, the Anglican historian, "that people disagree with me either because they hold that Liberalism is not true, or that Catholicism is not true, or that both cannot be true together." But neither Liberalism nor Catholicism is an abstract doctrine "behind men." They are not identical and their truths are not equivalent. Acton demanded too much, without ever finishing to explain quite enough. Truth is not abstract.



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War in Spain

THE REVENGE FOR LOVE. By Wyndham Lewis. Regnery. $3.50.

By GEOFFREY ASHE

ONE feature of the present fight against Communism is the reissue of neglected anti-Communist literature. Orwell's report on the Spanish war, published in 1938 and forgotten, recently bobbed up in a new edition. Wyndham Lewis' novel on the same theme has now similarly emerged from hiding.

I don't grasp the politics of the story. It seems to have been written while the war was still on, in fairly intelligent anticipation of the outcome. Percy Hardcaster, an English Communist imprisoned in Spain, manages to get away and return home. Leftist conspiracies against what appears to be a triumphant Rightist regime are still being fomented. Hardcaster tries to make use of a naive young Australian painter, Victor Stamp, for a gun-smuggling escapade, but is himself tricked by some other Communists (real or ostensible). Victor and his innocently adoring wife are killed. Hardcaster ends up pretty much as he started—in a Spanish jail.

These characters and their friends move through a depressing series of conversations, amours, and brawls, borne along by a controlled cataract of words that is truly extraordinary. Wyndham Lewis is a painter as well as a novelist, and his writing has an intellectualized pictorial quality which builds up astonishing effects. Here and there, one strikes something like the Shakespearean vision—but the Shakespearean vision become verbose.

The symbolism, no doubt, is a bit obvious, the emphasis shrill, the manipulations manifest. On those scores much could be forgiven. There remains, however, a far more serious defect. The personality that jerks all the strings is too snobbish and cruel to inspire sympathy. Mr Lewis's contempt for most of his fellow-countrymen, which has since burst out almost crazily in *Rotting Hill*, is present already, and his novel comes near to excusing Communism by its awful hints at what militant anti-Communism can mean.

Readers interested in ideas will take note of his portrayal of the Communist movement as a thing existing in several layers. Some of his synthetic Comrades—the more vocal ones—are shabby intellectuals and artists, of "good" family. The professional, Hardcaster, is made to dismiss them with a sneer. They are only seeking in a new way the social favor they regard as properly theirs: they dream of the Communist State as one in which their injured merit will achieve recognition. The Party can put them temporarily to work, but they work as dupes and end as discards.

Next, there are the Hardcasters themselves—genuine, fanatical proletarians, withdrawn from the common round and paid to agitate and conspire. These are the Party's strength, and they imagine themselves to be the reality. Yet behind them, again, there are dark faces which can hardly be understood at all. Hands suddenly reach from nowhere to strangle them. The only certain datum in the whole business, for anybody outside Russia, is a bottomless abyss of uncertainty.

Such views are not very original today, but in the Popular Front period they were. It may be hard to like Mr. Lewis; it is impossible not to respect him.

A Little Summa

THE ZONE OF INDIFFERENCE. By Robert Strausz-Hupe. Putnam. $3.75.

By JAMES V. MULLANEY

THE cultural cleavages within the West are here examined with a view to determining how, and to what degree, that organic re-edification which the Asian threat of the present century imposes upon us can be achieved. In the manner of the master, the relevant data of history, sociology, philosophy, politics, economics and psychology are dominated and ordered by the author to expose the magnitude, the complexity, the arduousness of the task.

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There has been no dearth this year of analyses of the present East-West conflict, purporting to place that conflict in its historico-cultural setting. But this volume is quite without a peer, for reasons both negative and positive.

Negatively, it has no axe to grind. It offers no panaceas, religious or naturalistic. It feeds no rhetoric of good intentions. It contains no facile restatements of Spengler, Toynbee or Sorokin. It is no modest examination of the collective conscience of the West. It isn't even flashy.

Positively, it is above all an exacting intellectual analysis. It establishes in the concrete that specific problems of practical politics and economics result from specific theoretic positions, so that where cruelly limited practical alternatives are open (e.g. military preparedness versus economic health for Europe; or American empire versus the exasperating uncertainties of Western federation) one must consciously make practical decisions in the light of theoretic commitments. The book is the work of a man totally detached intellectually yet totally committed morally. He can see the American as the European sees him, but simultaneously as the American sees himself: and the converse is also true. His mind is a Congress of the West.

To him for whom Western civilization means the sum-total of all that makes life naturally worth living, this book comes as a therapeutic intellectual shock, all the more necessary as one is the more determined to preserve that civilization. Here are the improbabilities which must be achieved, the risks that must be run—with no guarantee of success. This *Summa* of the historical situation sobers, and thereby matures, enthusiasm. It transforms hope that is merely generous into the courage that is grim.

REVIEWERS

Geoffrey Ashe has written widely on literary and political matters in his native England and on this side of the Atlantic.

James V. Mullaney is associated with the Humanities department of Manhattan College.

Colleges and Schools

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